

WILD ANIMALS SHOW SUPREME COURAGE IN BATTLES

Strength Does Not Always Win
and Craft Frequently Brings
to Grief Various Monarchs.

It is said that the tiger has never been made the basis of a royal emblem except by Tipoo, the famous Sultan of Mysore. Tipoo himself was as ferocious as a wild animal and kept near him a mechanical toy representing a life-sized tiger carrying the body of a British soldier. When the toy was wound up the tiger growled and the soldier groaned and Tipoo smiled.

It may be that the tiger, though the ideal of brute symmetry and power, has never attained unto the dignity of a royal emblem for the reason that in every language the word for this animal is a synonym for stealthy, cruel, strong limbed ferocity. Nature has made the tiger unequalled in the combination of speed, strength, cunning, daring and physical beauty. A tiger's first bounds are so rapid as to bring it alongside an antelope, and a blow of its paw will stun a charging bull. It has been known to spring over a wall five feet high into a cattle pen and to jump back with a full grown animal in its jaws. Sportsmen say that they have known it to carry away the bait while they were putting up the shelters from which to shoot it.

Tiger and Ram Battle.

It is a fact, however, that the tiger makes no pretence to invincible courage, as may be seen in the instance of one kept in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, which was butted to death by a ram.

A soldier owned a fighting ram, which became so troublesome that it had to be sent to the Zoo. There it caused so much trouble and annoyance that it was decided to give it to the great tiger of the collection. Now, this tiger was so ferocious that it was necessary to let its food down through a sliding grating in the roof of its cage.

The ram was lowered down through this opening. The tiger, dining in one corner, saw the ram descend and, rising, began to stretch himself. The ram, not knowing that he was intended to be food for the big beast, supposed the stretching was the signal for a fight. Stepping nimbly back to the farthest corner of the cage, the ram put down its head and went straight at the tiger and in a few minutes had butted it to death.

An exciting duel was that between a tiger and a crocodile, witnessed by an Englishman in India. This Briton had come to bathe in a ravine. He was in the water up to his neck when a tiger appeared on the hill above and gave a leap toward its prey. But the beast had not calculated that since his intended victim was much lower than himself a leap of the right strength for a horizontal range would carry him far beyond his mark. Consequently, and fortunately for the Briton, the tiger fell some ten feet on the other side of him.

Now, it chanced that a hungry crocodile was at the same time drawing a bee line under the water for this very imprudent Englishman. So, when the crocodile was almost upon his prey, he heard a splash just in front of him and made a dash in its direction, bringing his enormous jaws down upon the tiger's paw.

Fight to the Finish.

The bather nearly fainted with fright when he saw the tiger fall into the water and for a few moments he could not understand why the creature did not devour him, but kept one of his paws under water, beating pavagely with the other. And the water began to turn red.

Then all at once the assault of the tiger became more furious and his growls developed into roars of pain. The huge tail of the crocodile reared up out of the water. The obvious intention of the crocodile was to pull the tiger under water and drown him, and the tiger, understanding this purpose, tried to frustrate it by beating the snout of the crocodile with his other paw. But the snout was too far down, and he spent much of his force upon the surface of the water. His struggles became more and more feeble, and at length he disappeared altogether, only a cluster of bubbles remaining to show where he had been.

His fight had, however, been a game one and not entirely in vain, for when the bodies of the two creatures finally came to the surface it was seen that the tiger had literally torn away the whole front of the crocodile's face and had blinded the animal, so that its victory was a useless one.

A fearful duel between a bear and a snake was witnessed by an American and a party of natives on a hunting expedition in Southern India. The natives had set some traps and nets and were making the round of them when a succession of hideous sounds were heard.

Proceeding to the spot whence these sounds came they found a big jungle bear fighting for his life with a huge python. The snake had wrapped the bear in its terrible folds and was crushing it to death. The bear was struggling as best he might, darting from side to side, roaring and snapping his jaws at the serpent's folds.

These folds the bear was unable to reach with his teeth, owing to the way in which he had been wrapped. He struggled along the ground until he reached a steep slope, and down this he threw himself violently.

Evidently this manoeuvre frightened the snake, for it unwound a couple of folds from the bear and threw its tail around a tree. This was the bear's opportunity. No sooner had the snake, thus partially straightened out, giving a rigid line from the tree to the bear's body, than the bear turned and fastened its jaws in the python's body.

The hissing was then appalling. The snake quickly unfolded its body and savagely struck at the jaws of the bear to make him loosen his hold, but the bear, with a muffled roar, continued to bite and worry his antagonist's body.

Then once more the serpent constricted its folds, enveloped the howling and gasping bear, and both, struggling violently and rolling over and over, disappeared in the tall grass. Their track was marked with blood. The hunters followed and presently saw that the antagonists had separated. The python, evidently badly hurt, was coiled in an attitude of defence, hissing and twisting angrily. It looked as if it had had enough and wanted to be out of the fight.

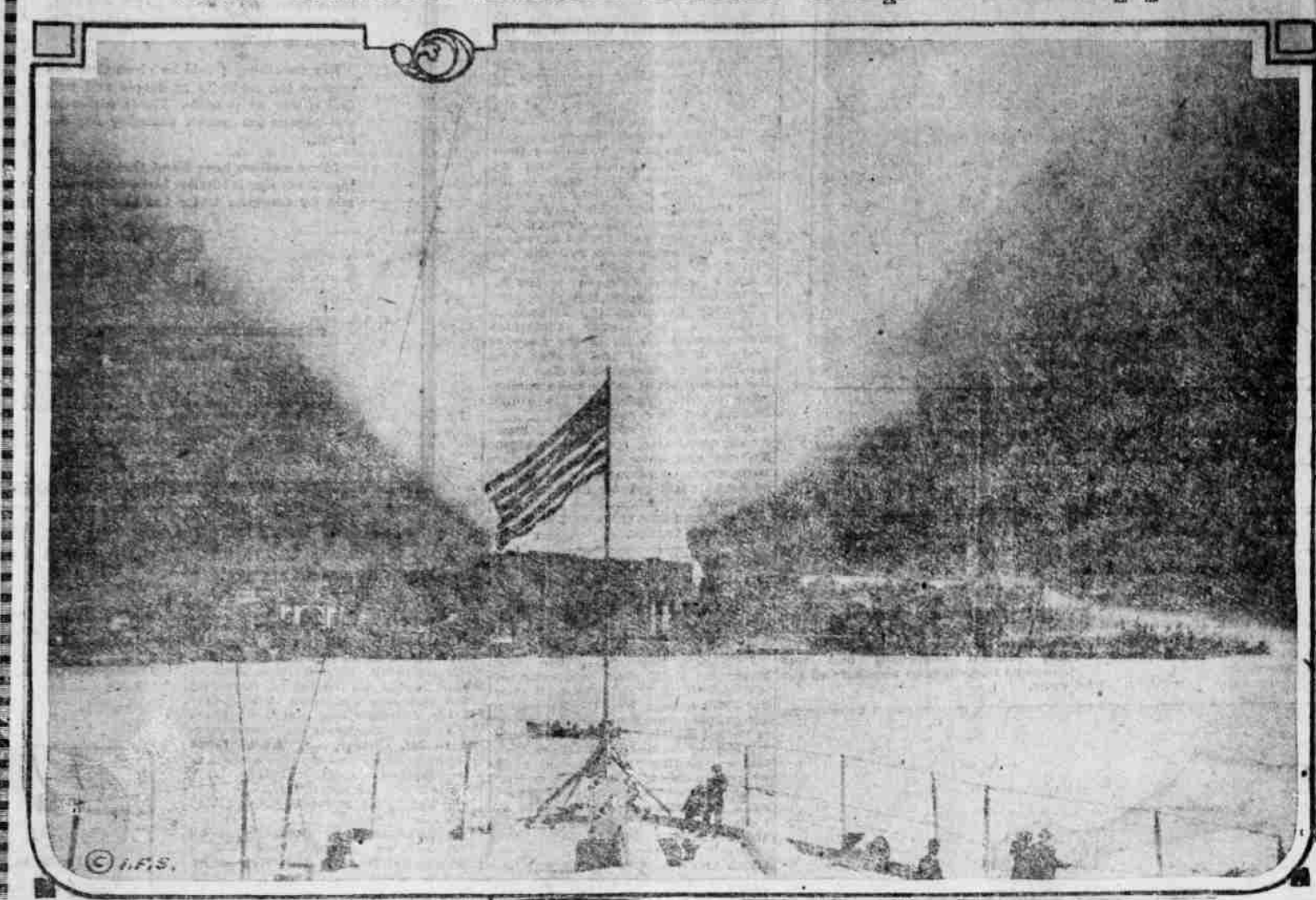
Not so the bear, however. Though crushed almost to death, with its tongue lolling far out of its jaws, it rushed after a moment's pause on the python. Weak from loss of blood, the snake was unable to prevent the bear from seizing it by the head. Then the bear dragged the python about, with roars of triumph, crushing the last spark of life out of its quivering body.

Turtle Tackles Bear.

While bears are certainly dreaded antagonists, they have been known to get the worst of it when out of their element. Curious and unequal combats occur when beasts of prey attack creatures under unusual circumstances. The pursuer in such a case is likely to incur more risk than the pursued, a fact that was illustrated in a novel encounter in a harbor of Florida between a bear and a turtle. The crew of a schooner while ashore heard a strange rumbling, and, pushing around a turn in the beach, saw a huge loggerhead turtle in deadly combat with a big black bear.

From the men's position it seemed that the

The United States Battle Ship Mississippi



Here is a rather unique photograph of the vessel showing her huge guns turned on some of the apartment buildings in Riverside Drive, New York City.

bear had sprung upon the turtle as it was retreating toward the water and had tried to overturn it. In some way the bear had stepped in front of the turtle which, thrusting its head out, had quickly seized one of bear's hind legs and held it.

At this the bear roared loudly, pawed furiously at the turtle's back and tried to force it over. The turtle resisted with all its strength and weight. He settled down close to the ground whenever the bear made an extra effort. Then, as the bear would relax its efforts, the turtle would suddenly start up and endeavor to get nearer to the water, keeping his firm hold on the bear's leg all the while.

Finally, by a sudden push and a powerful muscular effort of his head and paws, bear managed to get the turtle half set, one side

being raised a foot or two. Pursuing his advantage, he seized one of the turtle's big flippers in his jaws, and the man that followed showed that the bear felt that things were coming his way.

He continued to chew the flipper and endeavor to overthrow the turtle. But his antagonist worked around and finally got in a stroke with its sharp claw that badly tipped the bear's under side. This infuriated the bear to such an extent that he let go his grip on the flipper and, rearing his head down, tried to reach and free his hind leg. Herein he committed a terrible tactical error and the enraged loggerhead quickly improved the opportunity thus afforded him.

As the bear's nose came within reach the turtle let go the hind leg and quick as a flash

fastened his iron grip upon the bear's jaw. The bear was taken by surprise and roared in with rage and rage. The turtle posted on and dragged his unwilling captive along. The bear saw his danger and felt it, too, for they were so near the water's edge that the waves were splashing on them.

The bear continued to struggle ferociously, but his strength soon began to fail, for the turtle dragged him deeper and deeper. Fighting with his head half the time under water he exhausted the bear that moments he began to purple. That moment was fatal. The loggerhead marched off into the sea with its enemy and the last seen of the bear was the feeble kicking of his hind legs. Next day his body was washed ashore, cut into a dozen pieces.

The nature and character of the monkey are not changed by any training that he may receive. All the little tricks that may be taught him in captivity will add little to what he is accustomed to practice in his wild state. The chief difference to him is that he has a different set of victims to torment. Those who have had a chance to watch the rascals in their native wilds and native wildness find them up to the same tricks they play in captivity.

The members of a hunting expedition were passing under trees occupied by troops of monkeys, some of them of the large kind that had given the explorers much trouble on a former occasion. One large tree in which the monkeys had established their headquarters

The Delight of Many Doughboys



"Come on, you old bones!" "Come you seven or eleven!" "Ah, here she comes!" "Fade you a five spot!" "Betcha bean you won't make it!" Yes, it's English—the lingo of "craps," the favorite dice game which is indulged in by almost every doughboy. "Craps" is a great game to while away many weary hours of transport travel, but it also "makes" or "breaks" a great many of the boys who flirt with this game of chance. The military authorities do not sanction gambling of any sort among the troops, but the little session pictured above was taken when "no one was looking."

Mercy Never Shown to the Vanquished, Who Usually Pay the Penalty of Death.

stretched its branches over a stream twenty yards wide or more.

While the man leading the expedition was watching the antics of the monkeys two crocodiles showed their heads just underneath and remained stationary with their ugly snouts sticking up in the air. In various countries this is a common dodge of the crocodiles to entice monkeys within their reach, and it was expected by the witnesses of this incident that one or more of the noisy simians would fall victims to the goggle-eyed monsters below. The result was, therefore, awaited with much curiosity.

As soon as the black looking head popped up the monkeys became silent. Presently one big fellow, evidently an authority in the monkey republic, came down to reconnoitre. He returned, and in a few minutes came down again with a long, thin stick in his hand and accompanied by about one hundred of his companions. They began to chatter and to peck their toes, but the crocodiles took no notice. The onlookers thought that the crocodiles seemed to give a wink of satisfaction at seeing their silly victims coming within their reach.

Nearer and nearer the monkeys came, until some of them were barely six feet above the crocodiles, and the men were watching and expecting every instant to see one of them dragged under the water. All of a sudden the monkey with the stick leaned over and drove it into the eye of the crocodile nearest him. The wounded beast sank like lead and was quickly followed by its comrade.

There was no mistaking the howl of delight that greeted this stratagem and its success. It was perfectly human in its tone and was taken up with vengeful glee by all the monkeys in the neighborhood. The gravity of demeanor with which the old fellow committed this assault was laughable in the extreme. He went to work with all the caution of an old lawyer, and when he had inflicted the poke he hauled himself aloft with an alacrity that showed he could form a very good estimate of the danger that he ran.

Snake and Vulture.

A member of an international commission which was making a survey along the boundary line between the United States and Mexico tells of a fight between a California vulture and a rattlesnake that he witnessed while exploring the Cocopah Mountains of Lower California.

It was early morning. The big bird had seized the snake behind the head and was struggling upward with its writhing, deadly burden. The snake's captor seemed aware that its victim was dangerous. The burden was heavy, as the reptile was nearly five feet in length.

The grip of the bird on the snake's body was not of the best. The snake seemed to be acquiring from its captor's talons at least sufficiently to enable it to strike. Its triangular head was seen to recoil and dart at the man of feathers.

It did this once or twice, and with a shriek the vulture dropped its prey. The bird was probably two hundred feet or so above the observer. The astonished man was then treated to a spectacular scene. Few birds but a vulture could accomplish such a feat.

The instant the snake escaped from the bird's clutch it dropped downward like a shot and, like a shot the bird dropped after it, catching it in midair with a grip that caused death. At any rate, the snake ceased to wriggle, and the vulture soared away to a mountain peak to devour its hard earned meal. That the snake did not bite the vulture and cause its death, can only be explained by the fact that the thick feathers probably protected the flesh from the reptile's fangs.

He Liked Lobster.

The "disappearing lobster," as Fish Commissioners have termed it, might not only remain but flourish and increase if it always retained capture like one in Newfoundland waters.

A New York man and his guide were sitting on the rocks by the seashore watching a big white headed eagle soaring round in circles, when suddenly they saw it dash down into a pool of water close by on the beach and reappear, holding an enormous lobster in its talons. It was an old lobster with a huge claw white with barnacles, but the eagle had it clutched firmly around the back, and at first the onlookers could see the claw hanging helplessly down, the barnacles shining white in the sunlight.

Only for a second, however. The ripples on the pool had not yet died away, the large drops of water had not ceased to fall upon its surface from the eagle's eagle's feathers, when the lobster, suddenly aware of the seriousness of the situation and took action accordingly. It came the great white barnacled claw and seized the eagle around the neck.

There was a furious flailing and beating of wings, a maniacal squawk and then, suddenly, the eagle's head over heels in the air in a confused mass, eagle and lobster came down again into the pool.

The men rushed forward thinking that they could perhaps in some way obtain both combatants, as the splashing of the conflict continued in the shallow water. But they had hardly time to pick up a stone apiece to throw at the eagle before the lobster, feeling itself sufficiently at home again, relinquished its hold.

Now, with its neck all torn and devoid of feathers, away flew the bedraggled eagle to a neighboring cliff, while still brandishing its enormous claws in defiance the lobster remained at the bottom of the pool.

Giraffes Usually Timid.

While the giraffe can hardly be classed among the fierce duellists of the animal world, yet animals of this species are known to have their combats like their more ferocious fellows. The long necked beast has an original and curious method of fighting. It has neither claws nor hoofs nor sharp teeth with which to defend or attack, so when it is out of temper with one of its kind it does not fly in the face of Providence by trying to disembowel its adversary, as a rhinoceros might, or tear it, as a tiger would. On the contrary, the giraffe, knowing that it has been provided by nature with a long and pliable neck, terminating in a very solid head, uses the upper part of itself like a flail and, swinging its neck around and around in a way that does immense credit to its organization, brings its head down at each swing with a thump on its antagonist.

The other combatant uses precisely the same tactics, and the two animals, planting themselves as firmly as possible by stretching out on all four legs to the upper, stand opposite each other hammering away with their heads until one or the other has had enough.

The head of the giraffe is furnished with two long, horn-like processes, so that the animals when at this hammer-and-logs mode of warfare, remind the spectator somewhat of two ancient warriors thumping each other with the spiked balls they used to carry for that purpose at the end of a chain.